

A New BALLAD.

To the Tune of Hey Boys up go we.

¹
FULL thirty Years and more we've seen,
 this poor deluded Nation,
 For Liberty have struggling been,
 Curse on their Ab——n.
 For since that Day, no Man you'll say,
 of Liberty can boast;
 Religion too, away then flew,
 and Property was lost.

²
 Yet still the empty Name we see,
 of either yet remains;
 Altho' in Truth, of all the Three,
 there are not left three Grains.
 Some Honesty, perhaps may be,
 in private corners found;
 But in the City, Camp and Court,
 'tis bury'd under Ground.

³
 The little Money we had left,
 was all that we could boast;
 And soon of that we were bereft,
 by Rogues that rule the Roast.
 A South-Sea Plot, was set on foot,
 (a Curse lght on that Name;)
 And in short Space, these Babes of Grace,
 did ease us of the same.

⁴
 A G——n P——e, 'tis very true,
 for better Grace o'th Matter,
 Is chosen Captain of the Crew,
 to Grace the Cheat the better.
 A Crew like this, there never was;
 none does in this excel;
 Such Rogues I wot, full well, could not,
 be ever fetch'd from Hell.

⁵
 Under the specious fair Pretence,
 of paying the Nation's Debts;
 Both Knaves and Fools, and Men of Sense,
 they've drawn into their Nets.
 Whole dismal Fate, we see too late,
 they all may rue that Day;
 But since they'll dance *A-la-mode-de-France*,
 the Piper they must pay.

⁶
 Those in the Plot, have only got,
 the rest are all undone,
 And ready are to starve, God wot,
 and from their Countrey run:
 Then by Consent, to th' Parliament,
 they shew their sad Condition,
 And for Redress, with earnestness,
 against these Rogues petition.

⁷
 The Captain seems, in great concern,
 at their unjust Proceeding;
 He tells 'em how his Bowels yearn,
 to see their Country bleeding:

And to declare, his Princely Care;
 against them roar'd like Thunder;
 Tho' well he knew, He and his Crew,
 had carry'd off the Plunder:

⁸
 On which the Commons in full House,
 (of Property most tender,)
 Declar'd how they these Rogues would fouse,
 and punish each Offender:
 But now at last, by what is past,
 wee see 'tis all mine A——e,
 And find the Case, is all Grimace,
 and nothing but a Farce.

⁹
 For since these Men, all in the same
 Iniquity, are Brothers;
 Then why should they, make Fish of some,
 and Flesh make of the others?
 But Rogues in grain, 'tis very plain,
 oft scape the fatal Sledge,
 Whilst honest Men are hang'd and drawn,
 For peeping o'er the Hedge.

¹⁰
 One Man a Rogue, shall voted be,
 and sent unto the Tower;
 But then a greater Rogue than he,
 Is honest call'd next Hour.
 Ye Men of Sense, pray learn from hence,
 Ne'er quarrel 'bout a Name,
 Since it is seen, *Walp-le* and *Screen*,
 in *Greek* are both the same.

¹¹
 But still there's one, who in a trice,
 could clear up all this Matter;
 And him by dextrous Artifice,
 they Spirit cross the Water;
 And then pretend, with Speed to send,
 to fetch this Witness home;
 Tho' tis well known, all this is done,
 For Fear that he should come.

¹²
 Thus every thing from us is rent,
 that dearest is unto us;
 And those who should the Ills prevent,
 are helping to undo us;
 'Tis high Time then, brave *Englishmen*,
 to shake off U——n;
 Let's boldly fight for the Nation's Right,
 and J——'s R——n.

CHORUS.

'Tis high Time then, brave *Englishmen*,
 to fight for Preservation;
 Let all the Land, joyn Hand in Hand,
 for J——'s R——n.